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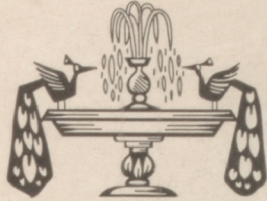
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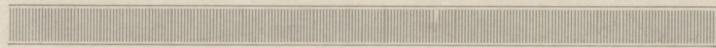
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Chronology

March 22—Glen Price happened to stay awake one day during the fifth period.

March 23—Hockings purchased a new machine.

March 25—Gilbert and William Robinson sign up with the American Stock Company—live stock.

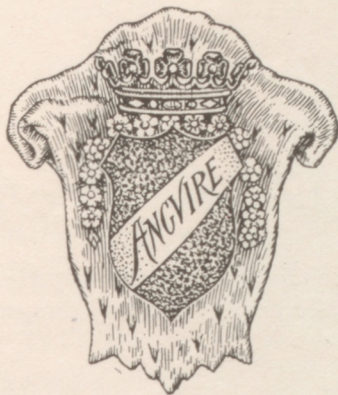
March 26—Estelle Culliton and Oscar Carlson making silent love in the library first period.

March 27—Dallas Rader "acting up" at the Garfield school before a "girrul".

March 28—"Mel" Baird discovers Esther H. to be fickle.

March 29—George Shannon and Lillian Kelly still going together.

G. Shannon may take out his "Dodge" some time in April.



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py ever after."

Mr. Collins (in History)—"Es-
ther, give us the personal descrip-
tion of Charlemagne."

Esther H.—"Well, I never paid
much attention to his personal de-
scription."

Mr. C.—"Don't you ever pay any
attention to a man's personal ap-
pearance?"

E. H.—"Not very often, it all de-
pends on who it is—and how well
he makes love."

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The Tamarack

Volume VII

APRIL, 1916

Number 5

Published Every Six Weeks by the Students of the North Central High School
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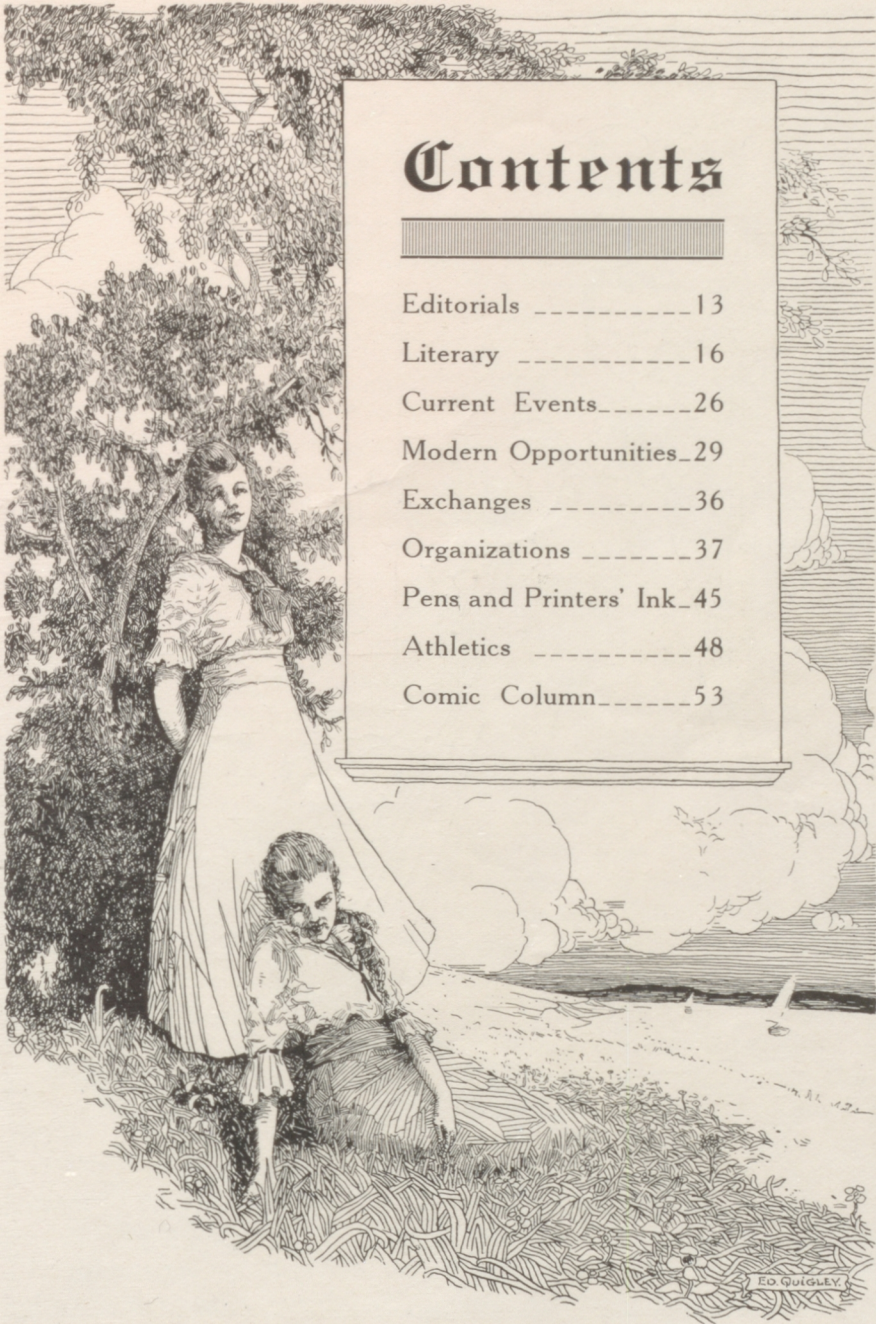
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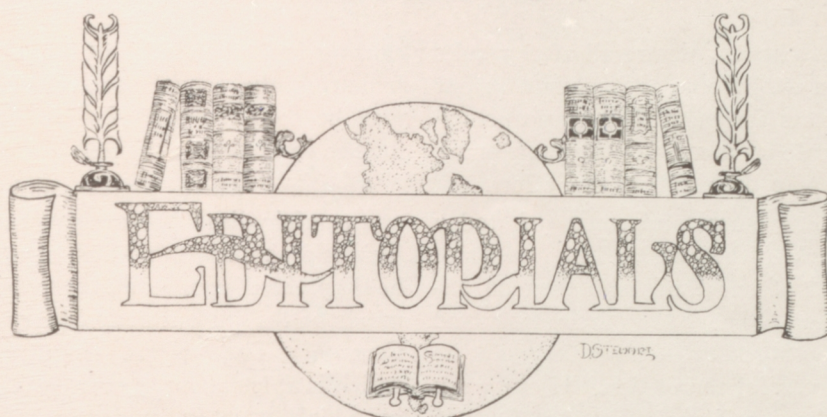
CUT-RATE REPAIR SHOP



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TO the girls of North Central this issue of the Tamarack is dedicated in some small appreciation for what they have done for their school in the past, and for what they are going to do for it in the future.

Never since the Tamarack has been published has a single copy been dedicated to the girls who are in so large a measure responsible for the magazine's success.

Every activity that the girls of the school have entered into has been assured of success for they get behind and make things go. The last two scholastic honor rolls have been composed entirely of girls. North Central was represented on the state debating squad by girls. The Vox Puellarum, composed entirely of girls, is one of North Central's most successful clubs. The continued success of North Central's athletics is due in a large measure to the loyal support of the girls of the school.

The Tamarack only voices the sentiment of the entire student body when it attempts to thank the girls

for the part they have played in the school's activities.

"From barest rocks to bleakest
shore,
Where farthest sail unfurls,
That Stars and Stripes are stream-
ing o'er,
God bless our—North Central—
girls."

STICK TO IT

Have you a task to do? Is it getting your undivided attention? Are you sticking to it? Or are you easily disheartened, and do you give up without a fight? Will power, coupled with persistence, will win the battle for you.

Almost any person, and surely any normal one, can accomplish his task if he sticks to it long enough and never strays from the one objective. Too many of us are not persistent in our efforts, we are not consistent, nor are we constant.

We become disheartened. The task looms largely before us and instead of meeting it squarely we seek the line of least resistance. We be-

come lazy. We are all after results and we become so impatient in our efforts for them that we do not labor long enough on any one thing to reap the result of our effort.

The successful men of today stuck to their tasks. They were not first at one thing and then on another. They saw their task and they stuck to it, until they saw its successful completion. If our work is honest, if our efforts are directed along legitimate lines, success is ours if we stick to it.

THE EVIL OF CLIQUE INFLUENCE

One of the characteristics of every American high school is the feeling of equality among the student in regard to advantages and privileges. The North Central High School has all the characteristics of a miniature republic. Its laws and regulations are based upon the democratic principles of real representation and equality. The members of the different classes and organizations are taxed by their own consent and are governed by their duly elected leaders. In consequence, therefore, a feeling of equality is universal among the entire student body, cementing close friendships between the students and their school. This latter friendship, when treated correctly, moulds itself into powerful and genuine school spirit.

When clique influence enters into any high school it tramples on the spirit of student equality, not only

causing broken friendships but also impairing the school spirit. Hence may be seen the evil of clique influence in student activities.

Anything which places another at an unfair disadvantage is wrong. This is a simple truth which cannot be impressed too strongly on the minds of the student body of North Central. The clique influence, which is a detriment to every school in which it is in evidence, must never be allowed to enter the North Central High School.

PATRONIZE TAMARACK ADVERTISERS

We, the students of North Central, owe our school the best there is in us. As individual students we are responsible for the impression left on the world immediately surrounding us. But the Tamarack is the medium through which we may gain prestige with all the institutions of learning throughout the United States. We depend upon you as students to contribute material for its columns; but we are compelled to depend on the business men of this city for advertising material—the financial support of the paper. They are at present giving us good support, but they will not continue to do so unless the students recognize their advertising in the Tamarack and patronize them in their respective places of business. It is our duty. Show them that we appreciate their support. Patronize our advertisers.

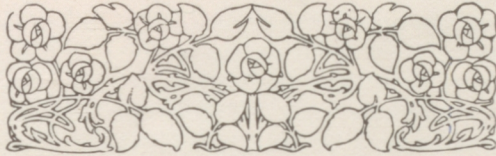
THE LIBRARY

The students of North Central High School should consider themselves fortunate in having access to a complete and excellent library. Being somewhat of an innovation in high schools, the student government in the North Central High School library has attracted much attention and many compliments from all the prominent educators of the northwest. Its success or failure will depend on the pupils themselves.

There are some people in every walk of life whose disposition is to create disorder. They are never

satisfied with the existing form of government. It is this class of people that make strict and binding laws necessary. If we, as pupils, show this disposition, the system of student government in the library will be a failure.

Miss Fargo is succeeding in making the school library a credit to this institution and a complete and useful supplement to every department. Let us assist by using the books carefully and by observing the few governing regulations. To Miss Fargo we can sincerely say that we appreciate her help and considerate attention.



SHOULD WE?

*Should we labor thru life and its harsh burdens bear?
All its trials and temptations, its tears and its care?
When to hope for the best were to hope in despair?*

*Should we give love for hate, should we give good for bad?
Should we stimulate joy, tho at heart we are sad?
Should we give up our all to make some one else glad?*

*Should we trust all mankind when no other man would?
Should we battle to be what our Soul says we could?
Should we lay down our lives when our cause it is good?—
This is the answer, dear reader, "WE SHOULD!"*

—Ralph Burnett.



BALDERS NORD



BALDERS NORD stood swinging a huge sledge over the anvil. White hot metal began, under his masterly strokes, to take shape. It was well toward evening and the dug-out used as a shop was lit up on the side of the forge making a fine picture indeed, with the smithy's yellow hair reaching to his shoulders, and from time to time angrily thrown back, prominent cheek bones and eyes that, when the fire caught them, seemed blazing.

Balders was hard at work on his battle ax. Rumors had come that the Boy King, Charles XII, might at any time be attacked by the Russians, Danes and Poles, and he was eager to be of aid to his King. But 15 when he came to the throne, yet a man grown in stature, courage, and phenomenal strength, Charles was a monarch born to bow to none of them. Reared more as a peasant than a king, there was in him none of the snobbery and the looseness of morals so common to the other kings of his time. Indeed, had Balders known or seen the King it would have been apparent that they both were men impossible to break in spirit and physical endurance. A

neighbor, Lars Nelson, had sent a thrill through Balders when he told him of the tidings—the Russians were coming and Charles was to fight them, yea, was even to carry the fight into their own land. Lars advised him on a new axe and bade all haste in preparation for they were to meet at Stockholm in a fortnight.

A figure strode to the hut with long, powerful strides. Just as big a man as Balders but more raw-boned and not as well knit. He peered in at Balders, who, in the earnestness of his work and clang of the anvil, had not noticed the arrival. He stood leaning lazily against the doorway, watching in silence and smiling at the worker in a grim sort of way.

Balders tossed his head back to replace some curls that would come in his way, and for the first time noticed the figure in the doorway.

"What now, Lars Nelson, comest thou as some winged messenger in silence?" Balders' voice seemed to use up all the space in the dug-out, but it was just such a roar as one would expect from him.

Lars laughed. "Say rather, young Thor, that it was thy fearful clatter, fairly rocking the echoes

of the surrounding woods, that covered my steps. Me thinks thou art well anxious to be on thy way with the King?" The last was said with a rising inflection of the voice, and he noticed with pleasure, Balders' eagerness as he gave the new axe a final blow.

"Lad, we start tomorrow; Charles wants an army of 2,000 as a starter. We are to be the vanguard of the army. It means we must leave on the morrow, fully equipped, so, being finished with my own, I came to help you. And Balders, your strength has reached the ears of the King, you are to be of his bodyguard."

Outwardly Balders was cool, but inwardly his blood was racing. "Thy words are indeed welcome," he said.

No more words but steady, hard work throughout the night. There was shining of the copper buttons and rough patching of the heavy blue uniform, rivetting the leather shoulder guards, and untold other preparations in which Selma, Balders' sister, helped. At the first signs of dawn Balders was leaving, bidding his sister good-bye with no show of emotion, as is the Swede's habit. He and Lars marched until noon, meeting up with neighbors as they went along.

Big though these two were, they were bedwarfed by some who joined them. Men who were colossal in size and heavily bearded. They were stronger in a ponderous way than Lars or Balders but were not as agile. A sight it was to see them coming, singing old Norse Sagas set to some homely music, or sometimes in silence, broken by the occasional

jest of some and the hearty laugh of good fellowship.

But when they reached Stockholm they found the King gone. Impatient, he had gathered his regular city troops and marched against the Danes. So hard he struck that, ere Lars and Balders joined the King the Danes had already sued for peace.

Lars and Balders were separated. Lars to be the next in command, to a Duke, and Balders was placed in Charles' bodyguard. There he learned what a King he fought under. Dressed in the same attire as his men, he was the strongest of them all. They lay in the open fields on their cloaks. Indeed, one night a soldier sickened with fever and chills, Charles took his own cloak and lay over the man. He was very much surprised in the morning to find a cloak over himself, till looking around he saw Balders cloakless, who, awakening in the night, had seen his Majesty's act and had extended the Golden Rule.

It was at the Battle of Narva that Charles, augmented by his regulars numbering 7,000, gave battle to the Russians numbering 50,000. Balders and Charles fought side by side and none could withstand them. "Balders," said Charles, "do you take the left of me, and if I fail, lead the troops to Victory." Then seizing his sword, which none in all his army could wield but himself, he led the attack on the Russians. All swept before them until Lars had joined the King. Here they met some resistance and Lars, outnumbered eight to one, fell wounded near a cliff. There looked to be no possible rescue. The land

lay of no avail for a rush, with the favor to the Russians. But the King had seen Lars' plight and with no thought of danger, was about to go to his aid. Braver than any king who ever led his men to battle, it was such lack of selfishness that made Charles beloved by every man under him.

But he was prevented in his plan. As he strode forward, Balders rushed in front. "Not so my King. 'Tis better that it be I," and leaping to the Russians, he smote and struck as if possessed. Helplessly they gave way before them. Just as he reached Lars, however, he watched with horror Lars weaken and fall from the cliff to a lower ledge. He was over by him in a minute and though nearly done by the violence

of his struggles he took Lars in his arms and half threw and half hurled him to safety. It was just in the nick of time, for the narrow ledge on which he stood began to give way. Desperately he tried to swing himself to safety, but he seemed overcome with dizziness and then as if realizing his doom smiled as if satisfied of a work well done, and plunged down the cliff.

Charles completely routed the Russians that day and it was a wonderful victory, and yet when the fires of evening were lit, Charles stared moodily into the fire and spoke but once all evening. "I would give all the glory of this battle, could it but bring back for one day, the life of Balders Nord."

—Carl Sampson, June '16.



THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH



ARKNESS was fast settling over the dim, frozen, waste lands north of Fifty-four. There were no signs of life in this great, treeless expanse except the lonesome howl of a wolf and the faint gleam of a lamp in some trapper's shanty miles away.

Over these snow-covered wastes rode Jack McGarry, weary and silent, yet determined.

McGarry was a young fellow who, three years before, had entered the service of the Canadian North-West Mounted Patrol. He had worked hard and steadily, and had won the friendship and respect of every man at the barracks, includ-

ing even the stern and exacting head officer, Colonel Bayard.

Ten weeks previous to this night, Colonel Bayard had called McGarry into his office and commissioned him to arrest a French Canadian trapper known as Pierre DuPres, who was charged with robbing the wealthy manager of the Hudson Bay Fur Trading Company.

The Colonel had chosen McGarry because it was a difficult and dangerous undertaking, and needed just such a man as Bayard knew McGarry to be. The exact whereabouts of DuPres was not known and there would probably be weeks and perhaps months of patient waiting; undoubtedly there would be long, cold rides into districts inhabited only by a few trappers;

there would be a scarcity of food and, worst of all, the chance of being out in a Northern blizzard.

But in spite of the danger McGarry had accepted the commission and the next day had set out. Ten weeks later he was riding through the darkness north of Fifty-four, within a few miles of the man for whom he had searched so many weary days.

The night was intensely cold and a cutting wind was blowing from the north-east. To McGarry it seemed that his numbed and aching hands could hold the reins no longer, but he had now reached a place where he could see the light in DuPres' shanty, so he set his teeth and urged his horse on at a faster gait.

At last he reached the house, and throwing the bridle reins over a post, knocked on the door. It was opened by the man McGarry had come to arrest, but it was not DuPres; it was Joseph Verchere, an old friend and partner of McGarry's.

"Well," said McGarry, as he stepped inside. "It's you, is it, Joe?"

"Yes," answered Joe, with a hopeless look of misery in his eyes. "You come to take me back, m'sieu?"

"Yes, that's why I came, but I didn't know it was you. I didn't know you called yourself 'DuPres'. Joe, did you rob the manager of the Hudson Company?"

"I rob heem," answered the Frenchman. "I take heem my furs to sell. I have to have ze money to buy food for ze winter. They ver' good furs m'sieu—worth a hun-

dred dollaire. He say 'I weel geeve you ten dollaire for all.' I say 'Ten dollaire not enough. My baby ver' seeck and I have to have more money.' He get ver' bad temper and say, 'You get out. I weel not geeve you a cent.' I say 'Geeve me just ten dollaire them,' but he is ver' mad and ver' drunk, m'sieu, and he throw me out. I have to have ze money or my leetle girl weel starve in ze winter, so I rob heem. I take fifty dollaire and leave heem all my furs. See, m'sieu?"

Torrents of thought came rushing to the mind of the young officer. Here was Joe, guilty legally, but innocent morally. Here was himself pledged to faithfully execute his command, yet bound to save Joe Verchere at any cost. The morning that he left the barracks Colonel Bayard had said to him, "Stick to your duty, my boy!" and McGarry had said that he would. Should he break with his government or betray his friend? If he should go back and tell Joe's story they would not understand. The Hudson Bay Company was a powerful factor in the North and it would be useless to cope with them.

Memories of other days came thronging to McGarry's mind. He remembered the first time he and Joe Verchere had met. It was up on the Klondike where they were washing for gold. He had slipped and fallen into the river, and Joe had rescued him. After that they had become partners. He thought of the friendship that had grown up between them during those long, still nights in the wilderness. Then he remembered their going back to Quebec. He thought of Madeline

La Tour. He and Joe both had loved Madeline. Joe had won her, and on the wedding day the two men, swearing eternal friendship, had parted.

Five years had passed since then, and here he was, on the anniversary of that day, standing in Joe's shanty with a warrant of arrest in his pocket.

Turning abruptly to Joe, he said huskily, "Joe, where is Madeline?"

"Oh, m'sieu, she is dead. She die a year ago. She say 'You and Jack McGarry take care of ze leetle girl.' Mon Dieu, m'sieu, I think my Madeline die because she get ver' hungry and cold once when I can not sell ze furs, and ze leetle girl will have die, too, eef I have not steal ze money," Joe added, "But' m'sieu, I weel go eef you have promise to take me back."

"I didn't promise to take you back," said McGarry brokenly.

"M'sieu, you mean—?" began Joe excitedly.

McGarry walked over to the door and looked out. "Yes, I mean it, Joe. As soon as I get warm and get something to eat, I am going back and resign. Then I'll come back here and we'll take care of your little girl—together. We were partners for a long time, Joe, and I guess we will still keep it up."

Three hours later Joe stood in front of the little cabin and watched McGarry slowly disappear in the darkness. A sigh of mingled joy and sadness escaped him as he stepped in and closed the door.

Outside the cabin a wolf howled lonesomely and the wind moaned and shrieked across the waste, but the beautiful Northern Lights had broken up the darkness. The spirit of the North had triumphed.

—Bernadine Luther, Jan. '17.

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY—IN THIS CASE, WEALTH



THE Sewing Circle was holding a meeting at the home of Mrs. Obadiah Hopper, and as usual, the conversation had turned to a discussion of the peculiar characteristics and actions of the various members of the community. No one escaped comment.

"Oh, ladies, did you know that Sally Moore has another new dress?" announced the village gossip. "I never knew such an extravagant woman in my life," she concluded with emphasis. "This is

the second new dress she's had this season."

"Do tell!" remarked the other ladies in one breath.

"Oh, yes, and have you heard that old Mrs. Synde is trying a new medicine for her rheumatism?" chirped Mrs. Elijah Haynes, Senior. "Yes, she sent all the way to New York for it. They say it's wonderful."

The conversation continued and finally Mrs. Osgood, in accordance with her position of social importance as wife of the village grocer, thought it was her turn to talk.

"Ladies," she exclaimed in a tone

which produced silence, "I've the greatest piece of news for you. Mr. Eliphalet Andrews has a wealthy relative living in Boston. At least, that's what my husband's cousin's wife said, and it's my opinion now, and has been for some time, that the old gentleman has considerable money himself."

This news was sufficient to maintain a lively conversation throughout the afternoon and the good ladies attacked the matter briskly.

But who was Mr. Eliphalet Andrews? To be brief, he was a very eccentric little old man, no one knew how old, who lived a short distance from the village in a cottage as queer as himself. The amount of his wealth had been an unending source of discussion for the ladies and now the declaration of Mrs. Osgood that he had a wealthy relative, assured anyone, who had had any doubts in the matter, that he was a very rich old man.

Poor old Eliphalet! How his ears must have burned! For I know his name was not dropped until the end of the meeting, and even then I fear some of the excellent ladies remembered to mention his to their husbands during the evening.

But she who took most interest in his name was Miss Mehitabel Crane. I shall not venture to tell Miss Mehitabel's age, but I shall say that it was a matter of general agreement among all the villagers, except the young lady herself, that she had lost all attractiveness, if she had ever possessed any. Miss Mehitabel had known Mr. Eliphalet Andrews slightly for several years, but on that afternoon, when it had

been decided that he was very wealthy, she firmly resolved to become better acquainted with him.

Fate contrived to assist her in every possible way. The very next day Mr. Eliphalet called to see her father on business, and remained for dinner, as was the custom in the village. Mehitabel was her sweetest during the day, and it is small wonder that Mr. Eliphalet Andrews was charmed with his host's daughter. That evening when he left, he had a most cordial invitation to call again, and he readily accepted.

The next day was Sunday, and accordingly, Miss Mehitabel Crane went to church in the evening. Mr. Andrews was there, too, and after church when the two went home together, the congregation was so surprised that it could only gasp and say, "Oh, my!"

The following morning the village was agog with excitement, but Miss Mehitabel Crane and Mr. Eliphalet Andrews took no heed. The courtship progressed splendidly, and before long it was announced that the marriage would take place in June. It is unnecessary to say Mehitabel was happy. She pictured to herself a life of ease, and perhaps even a trip to Boston where she would be received with all due form by her husband's wealthy relatives.

So time flew on, and one day, two weeks before the wedding, Eliphalet called at the Crane home. He had a matter of vital importance to discuss with Mehitabel, for he realized that married life is quite expensive.

"Well-a, Mehitabel, I've just-a been thinking what I had better do

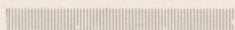
for a living after we're married. You see, I have a pension of twenty-five dollars a month, but I-er didn't think that would be quite enough to keep us both, you know."

Eliphalet jumped up and gazed blankly at Mehitabel. As you probably have guessed, when she heard

the terrible news, she gasped, sank weakly back in her chair, and nearly fainted.

The shock was too much and in view of Mehitabel's indisposition during the next few weeks, the wedding was postponed indefinitely.

—Esmer D. Cavanaugh.



A FRAGMENT

*When from their common course my thots are led,
There comes into my mind a vision fair,
That from my fearful heart dispels all care
And calms my wavering thots. Then look I forth
On Life's broad sea and view there nought but peace!
True, billows rage and dash against the shore,
But to return more swiftly to the main
And there become subdued. Ah, pity those
Who dwell too near the shore of Life's broad sea
And hear there nought but discord and the roar
Of mountain waves upon the howling rocks!
But rather I behold the greater mass,
That vast expanse of all-harmonious hearts,
This howling shore embraces—This is life!
No discord here! One tide, one mass, one sea!
What care we for the goblet when 'tis full?
'Tis what the cup containeth, not the cup!
Who would not quaff the red wine from a gourd?
Or shell, or horn, or from the naked palm?
And does the vessel make the wine more sweet?
Does it seem less refreshing from the shell,
Or sparkle less when in the ugly gourd?
Nay, 'tis not so; for slumb'ring in the earth
Is found the glittering diamond and rich gold,
And many an oyster doth conceal a pearl!*

—RALPH BURNETT

ONLY A CRIMINAL



IT WAS in the criminal ward of the great Wana Putta penitentiary of Buffalo. The room was decorated with one cot, one chair, one bench, and the barred window. A great hulk of a man was seated on the bench with his head resting heavily upon his hands, a picture of misery and crime. I approached him with a polite "How do you do?" but my address was not heeded. He sat staring at the floor with eyes in which there was a light of mingled sorrow, fear, hate and revenge. His face was so hard that it was impossible to tell which emotion was dominant.

"How do you do?" I asked him again. This time he deigned a reply.

"What d' you want here?" he growled.

"I am from the Astor Club of New York, making a tour through the prisons and penitentiaries of the country," I replied, "for the purpose of making investigations as to the reason men have become inmates of these places."

"It ain't none of your business, and I don't want no one buttin' in and hangin' around me. Get out!"

"Pardon me, my dear fellow," I returned, "I am not trying to 'butt in', as you term it, nor am I going to interfere with you. I would like you to tell me something about yourself and why you are in here."

"I told you once that it ain't none of your business and I want you to clear out."

"You know," I said, "I don't believe you fellows are all bad."

"We ain't," he muttered defiantly. "I reckon if you are goin' to hang around here I might as well tell you somethin'. I was brought into this world in New York, about thirty-four years ago. I wish now it hadn't never happened, fer I hain't never had nothin' but trouble since. My old man weren't no good. He cussed me and the old lady, until she died when I was ten." On mentioning his mother, I noticed that his voice softened and the hard muscles of his face relaxed a little. "After that I cleared out for good. I heered later that the old man died in a booze fight in Chinatown in San Francisco. I should ha' learned by that, but I didn't, so here I am. Well, I had always earned my own dough, so I dug in and lived the best I could. One day I met a guy who asked me if I wanted a job. 'Sure I do,' I told him. Well, I needn't say no more about it, but it wasn't honest and I got run in for two years. That pinching didn't do me no good. I was worse when I got out than before I went in. After that I went to the dogs. Once I tried to reform when I met a jane who I thought was good. She turned out bad, so I didn't try no more.

"One day last year I heard of a big haul. I copped it and got shot. I was put in a hospital for three months, then they put me in here. This has been my hangout ever since. I guess, though, I won't be here much longer. I ain't never had no chance, but I'm through com-

plainin'. If you ain't got no more to know I wish you'd clear out. I'm sick."

I had not noticed this before, but now I saw that he was certainly suffering, and I could understand why he said he "wouldn't be here much longer".

I left him with a promise to re-

turn soon. The next week I saw in the paper the following head:

"WELL KNOWN CROOK DEAD—Tuberculosis Gets Sutton."

He was only a criminal, but I wondered what he would have been had he been "given a chance."

—George Poul, June '17.

A SPREAD AT ST. LUKE'S



EGGY, what have you been thinking about? You have been sitting there gazing blankly into space for the last hour." The speaker was a merry-faced girl of about sixteen.

"Don't bother me, Betty. I've got an idea." Peggy brushed her hair back from her eyes and endeavored to frown.

"Oh, Peggy! Tell me what it is!"

Peggy leaned over and whispered a few mysterious words into Betty's ear. "Oh, do you mean it? A spread? How delicious!"

"Sh, goose! Suppose Miss Kline were in the hall."

"Bother Miss Kline. The spread is what I'm thinking about. Where shall we have it?"

"We'll have to see if the girls are willing and then we can decide that. I think the old tower would be a grand place."

"Oh, Peggy," cried Betty as she glanced at the clock. "We have completely forgotten Cora's tea party tonight. She will be furious. Hurry up! We can tell the girls

there." She seized Peggy and pulled her to her feet, and they set out for the party.

Tuesday night at St. Luke's was set aside for one of pleasure. The custom of the school was that on that night any girl might have her friends to tea between the hours of eight and nine.

The girls in Cora's room greeted Peggy and Betty with shrieks of joy. Peggy outlined her scheme to the girls and it was met with great approval. Each girl agreed to furnish her share of the lunch and the spread was decided to be on Friday night in the old deserted tower at the end of the grounds.

Friday dawned clear and warm. The girls misbehaved in all the classes and many a suppressed giggle reached the ears of the horrified teachers.

That night a crowd of girls tiptoed to Peggy's and Betty's room armed with their part of the lunch, which they had purchased during the week.

"Are we all here?" Peggy's eyes ran over the girls present. "Well then, forward march." She opened the window and slipped out on the fire escape. The girls came after

and they descended the escape silently. Once down, they slipped easily over the ground to the tower.

"Boo! What a ghostly place!" cried a timid little freshman girl as she gazed up the dark, rickety stairway. "I won't go first."

"Oh, come on." Peggy started ahead. At last they arrived in the tower room.

"Light a candle, Betty. I don't want to smash my lovely cake by falling on it." As soon as the candle was lit the girls set about to prepare the spread. At last everything was ready and they began the feast.

"Someone tell a story. Tell one, Peggy, you know such grand ones," suggested Betty.

"All right." Peggy began a story that suited the scene well. It was a hair-raising, blood-curdling, ghost story. The girls eyed each other furtively. A convulsive shudder passed over the poor little freshman.

"Who—o—o—o," a piercing shriek wailed through the tower.

"What was that?" screamed Bet-

ty. The girls rose to their feet. Again that terrible wail. Out of the room and down the stairs they ran, forgetting their spread entirely. When they reached the fire escape they paused, white faced and shaking. Then they began the ascent. Peggy raised the window and stepped inside to be confronted by the erect, angular figure of Miss Kline. She gasped and fell back against the other girls.

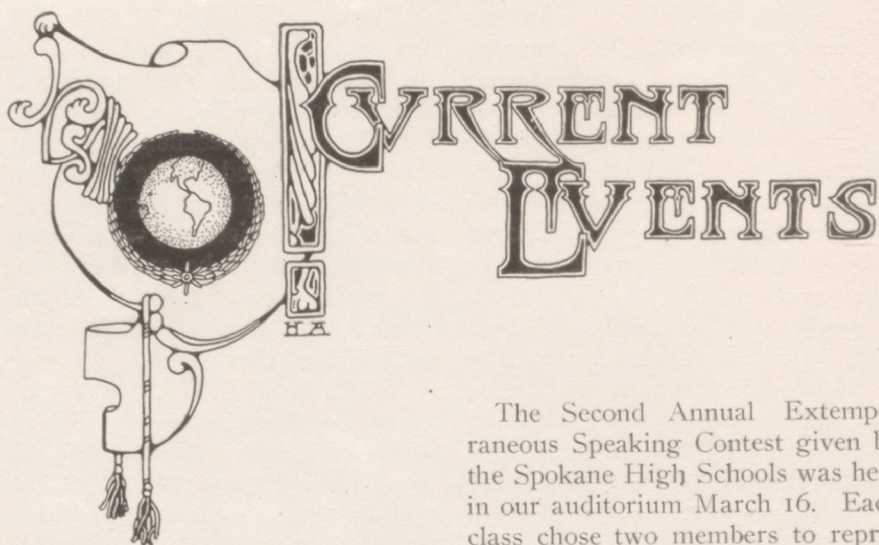
"Well, girls." What a cutting voice Miss Kline possessed. She received no answer. "What does this mean?" Still no answer. "This night's work will cost you dear, I can promise you that, young ladies. Now, please retire to your rooms. I will see you tomorrow at my office. All of you come at ten."

The girls were not expelled the next day, however, but were deprived of their outdoor games and walks. They could not give any more teas, either. Never again was there a spread given at St. Luke's, thanks to Miss Kline and the owl in the tower. —Lydia Young.

ABOUT DREAMERS

*Blest be the Dreamer! For within his dreams
Is set aglow that spark, celestial flame,
Which smould'ring in his breast, still flick'ring low,
When by his own determination fanned,
Oft rises high in many-colored tongues,
'Til finally his dream becomes a deed,
Wrought by his fancy, moulded by his mind;
And as the dream is, so will be the deed,
Thru his untiring efforts realized!
Blest be the Dreamer! For when dreaming dreams,
His is the power to make those dreams come true!*

—Ralph Burnett.



Dr. Milford Lyon, the noted evangelist, addressed the students of the North Central High School on March 3. He discussed in a very entertaining and instructive manner the three main divisions of every human being: Body, mind, and spirit. The music for the occasion was furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Clase, choir directors.

Principal R. T. Hargreaves was appointed by Chancellor Frank Strong to represent his Alma Mater, the University of Kansas, at the inauguration of Dr. E. O. Holland, as President of Washington State College on March 23-24.

On the afternoon of March 7, the two upper classes met to hear Miss Pauline Turner, the soloist at the Panama Pacific Exposition. Miss Turner is from Bremerton, Washington, and she composed the song "My Own Dear Washington," which she hopes will become popular.

The Second Annual Extemporaneous Speaking Contest given by the Spokane High Schools was held in our auditorium March 16. Each class chose two members to represent that class at the preliminaries, which were held March 9. On this occasion, six boys were chosen to speak at the finals. Ten topics of current interest were given to the speakers and about thirty minutes before the contest, each one was assigned his special topic. The judges were Mr. Roarke, Principal of the Logan School, Rev. Mr. Hawk, of St. Paul's Methodist Church, and Mr. Hurn, a local attorney.

The prizes were: First, \$5, and winner's name engraved on the Wranglers' Trophy Cup; Second, \$3; Third, \$2. The winners and their topics were: First, Robin Cartwright, Retention of the Philippines; second, Elwin Daniels, Prohibition; and third, Robert Patton, Embargo on Munitions.

Claudius Murray, Loris Henry, and George Murphy attended a banquet given in honor of Mr. Glover. These boys are members of the Delta organization and represented the Y. M. C. A.

The scenery for the Masque Play, "You Never Can Tell," by Bernard Shaw, which was shown in our auditorium on April 7, is being painted by two boys from the art department, Holt Lindsley and John Segessenman. They also painted the scenery for our last operetta, "Gaucho Land."

About 1500 additions have been made to the picture file in the library. The pictures include colored post cards, Mentor prints, Perry pictures, Elson prints, blue prints and clippings from newspapers and magazines, and they are all mounted on colored mats. Most of the mounting was done by Juanita Morris and Phoebe McConnell. Faculty members who have contributed pictures and clippings are Miss Broomhall, Mr. Kaye, Miss Gibson, and Mr. Hargreaves. Our German views were all purchased in Germany by Miss Fehr. The picture file has been of great help to teachers of English, History, and foreign languages, and are classified as follows:

I—Travel. Pictures illustrating manners and customs of various countries; also views of famous scenes connected with history and literature.

II—History. Famous events as treated by artists.

III—Portraits and Personal Sketches. Authors, artists, scientists, statesmen, their homes, and scenes connected with their work.

IV—Costume. Clippings illustrating costumes of various periods.

V—Art. Reproductions of famous paintings and groups of statuary.

VI—Architecture. Famous buildings, including cathedrals, castles, and homes of noted people, also portfolios of Egyptian, Greek and Roman architecture.

Three North Central girls and one teacher were in the penitentiary at Walla Walla last month. Ruth Stone, Irene Oliver, Marguerite Klein, and Miss Ethel Rogers, dramatic coach, were entertained very cordially by our Walla Walla friends. The three girls mentioned above were our representatives in a dramatic contest with Walla Walla High School. North Central scored three, Ruth Stone and Irene Oliver, winning first places.

The fishing season in Washington opened this year on April 1. There was much enthusiasm exhibited among the disciples of Isaac Walton, especially among the members of the faculty, since the opening day was Saturday. Among those who left on Friday night trains for nearby streams with rod and reel were Principal R. T. Hargreaves, Vice-Principal A. H. Benefiel, J. L. Kreider, F. G. Kennedy, S. L. Moy-er, and C. I. Carpenter.

The members of the Boys' Engineering Society divided up into two squads and made a trip to the Inland Empire Biscuit Company on the afternoons of March 7 and 8.

On March 7, a convocation of the lower classmen was called to hear Miss Ruth Stone read a humorous selection, "The Criminal Club," which she read in the Walla Walla Contest, scoring first place.



Eigensinn, the German play, was shown in our auditorium on March 17. The cast consisting of Irene Anderson, Ardyce Cummings, Roberta Fisher, Wilfred Newman, Clinton Dimond, and Edwin Partridge, showed exceptional skill and talent in handling the difficult lines. The dramatic director, Miss Margaret Fehr, was ably assisted by Miss Gibson and Miss Bostrom. Other numbers on the program were: Piano duet, by Lila Chingren and Esther Buchanan, and a German solo by Frank Howard.

Dr. E. O. Holland was chosen by the Senior A Class to deliver the baccalaureate address on Sunday afternoon, June 4.

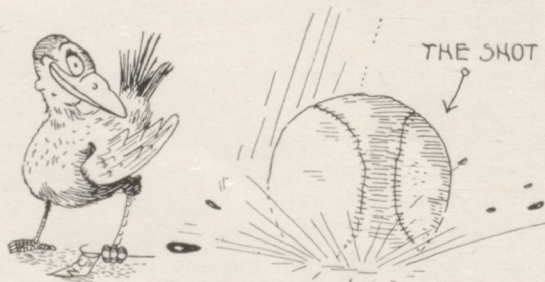
The gift of the class of June, 1915, ten imported pictures in color, have just arrived from France. They are all reproductions of famous paintings.

The two highest educational institutions of the state inaugurated two Columbia men to the office of President. Dr. Henry Suzzalo took the chair at the University of Washington on March 21. Dr. E. O. Holland was inaugurated as President of W. S. C. on March 24.

One hundred fifty students submitted essays on "That Something," written by W. W. Woodbridge, a member of the Tacoma Rotary Club. The local chapter offers a prize of \$10 for the best essay written by a high school student.

The Boys' Band played at the luncheon given by the Rotary Club on March 16.

A Camera Club has been formed by boys and girls who are interested in photography, with Mr. Kreider as faculty director.



HERE I'VE SPOSED THIS WAS AMERICA FOR YEARS, BUT NOW I SEE IT'S EUROPE —

Modern Opportunities

This Western country to-day stands out as the greatest example of wholesale progress and development of the age. Superlatives are often mistrusted, but look about you, span the whole world, nowhere will you meet with disproving evidence.

This settled, the question naturally arises, "Can this development be attributed to anything in particular, outside of favorable conditions?" The answer is in the affirmative, and it involves a principle. The wonderful development of this country is due largely to the youthful strength, energy, and virility that have poured into it since the beginning of the great Western migration in the United States. It was this strength of youth that stood the test of hardship and privation in the pioneer days; that toiled and wrought to make the soil yield its bounty and to bring to light the hidden wealth of the mines; that built cities and towns, ports and harbors; that laid the rails of steel and lifted the lines of wire that were to unify community and country; and that has since established industries, nourished them through their infancy, and is managing them as they play their part in the world's work.

It is this strength of youth that is to help mold the destiny of the great and vast country to the south of us, to develop its resources and possibilities so that it becomes an indispensable factor in the world's progress.

This, then, is the young man's place in South America, and it

might be said broadly that his chances and opportunities are those of the young man of fifty years ago, or less, in this western country. There are, however, important elements not covered by this broad statement which are essentials to a clearer understanding of the situation, and it is the purpose of this article to treat with a few of these.

First of all a general principle must be laid down.

The young man seeking a field of work in Latin America to-day is not "pioneering" in the fullest sense of the term. That is, instead of setting his own standard of language and customs he faces the necessity of adapting himself to an already established one. And right here is the factor that will have the greatest significance in his success or failure; language, customs, beliefs, ideals, in Latin America are decidedly different from those to which he has been accustomed in the United States, and they are not going to be altered to suit him. And, indeed, why should he expect such? We expect the foreigner to adapt himself to conditions in our own country when he comes, and the fact that he realizes this is attested by the great number of naturalized foreigners with whom we every day come into contact in our commercial and even our social life, men and women with whom we associate and do business because they are able to converse with us in our own tongue and because they have made our methods theirs.

Apply this principle to your own case as a prospective sojourner

among Latin American peoples and you have laid the foundations of your success. Failure to do so is the secret of most of the reported failures of North Americans in the south. You cannot hope for the best, or even fairly good commercial or social relations with peoples whose customs and methods you do not observe, and even whose very tongue you cannot understand. This principle is assured in what follows:

* * * *

The young man of today is after a specialist, and may be turning toward Latin America with a view to obtaining a field for his particular line of work. Space prohibits consideration of any but a few of the most common lines of endeavor and only suggestive statements in regard to these.

A general branch, but yet a distinct one is that of salesmanship. Probably no country produces better all-round men along this line for home service than the United States. In foreign fields, however, the demands upon a salesman are more exacting. Here in particular does his knowledge of the customs, language, and methods of his prospective customers help or hinder his success. The "small" matters of courtesy and form that make for the most amicable relations must be carefully looked to. The Latin American above all others appreciates and bases much upon these things, and he may sorely try the patience of the inexperienced American salesman, who is generally anxious to "come to business" and get off to the next man. To sell to a Latin American takes time and pa-

tience, but the results, if the right tack is pursued, are usually gratifying. The quicker the would-be salesman digests this fact the sooner will he find success crowning his efforts.

The growing increase in commercial exchange between North and South America, the active entrance of so many large manufacturers and exporters into Latin American fields, and the growing respect there for the "Made in U. S. A." brand, are all creating a demand for the experienced salesman, that will not soon be filled.

The technically trained youth in looking to Latin America for an opening must remember that the demand for his services depends largely upon the amount of American capital that is being used in the development of the country, because, of course, the foreign engineer would be given the preference where foreign capital was involved. Up to the last year or two European capital was doing much more than American capital in the development of Latin America, and consequently young European engineers were to be found in far greater numbers than were Americans. But the events of the past two years have changed the situation. European capital for obvious reasons has been withdrawn from Latin America, and for the same reasons will not be put back for considerable time, if ever, to its former extent. The results of this have been too disastrous for Latin Americans to remain satisfied, and as a result they are looking to the United States for the capital that was once supplied by Europe. The signs of

the times indicate that United States capital will respond, and respond earnestly, to the call. Latin American possibilities are becoming more obvious each day and where American capital goes, there will the American engineer follow.

There will be opportunities in every branch of engineering, because in every branch there is much to be accomplished. These opportunities, however, must be sought. All that is going on in the development line should be kept in touch with and a tab kept on the projects already in the field and coming so that opportunities in the desired lines will not be overlooked. The various periodicals, professional and trade journals, which report every move that capital makes in commercial and industrial development afford excellent means to this end. Information may also be secured direct from the concerns engaged in the work and open ears and eyes often catch valuable suggestions.

Under this head may be mentioned the increasing activity along building lines. In the larger cities the tendency is to modernize everything, and within the past few years many magnificent buildings have arisen. The building among residence districts has also been on the increase, along with the general growth. And so with the seaside resorts. These places are frequented by the elite and wealth of Latin America, and the expensive and lavish structures speak for themselves. School buildings are being constructed to a considerable extent in parts of the country, and the cheaply constructed workman's home is replacing the adobe hut of old. The

increasing travel through South America will mean many new hotel buildings and the rising tide of commerce is even now strongly demanding better waterfront facilities. Opportunities along these lines, like others, must be sought out.

Broadly speaking, manufacturing in Latin America is in its infancy, a natural result of limited production of raw material. Nevertheless there are quite a few American concerns in the field, and more are coming. One of the most recent enterprises is the huge packing plant built by the Armour Company at La Plata, Argentina. It is credited with being one of the largest and most modern plants in the world, and experts claim that it surpasses any in its mechanical design for efficiency. It has extensive provisions for the manufacture of all the by-products of the packing industry and testimony to its vastness is the fact that it will employ some three thousand workers. It is interesting to note that not only the manager and superintendent, but the department heads and foremen will all be North Americans.

Another example of Yankee enterprise is the large factory now being constructed in Brazil by the Goodyear Rubber Company. By utilizing Amazon rubber this factory will endeavor to supply the whole of South America with rubber goods of all descriptions.

These examples are typical and it will be sure that they provide for utilizing some important raw product of the respective countries. In turn they will stimulate the production of these materials. When the richness and vastness of the coun-

try at large is considered the light of opportunity is thrown both upon the *production* and *utilization* of raw materials. The former, as the fundamental necessity of progress, is gradually increasing, and the field for the latter is growing in proportion.

The professions, namely Law and Medicine, offer so little real opportunity on account of the well filled

efit of the opportunities offering themselves in Latin America, American banks must be established there. The appreciation of that fact among business men is so great that action is assured. Banks mean opportunities for young bankers, and this movement will create a demand for the man with the requirements. But one thing must be fully appreciated; the demand will be for



Water Works at Buenos Aires

field and the excessive requirements that they do not come under the head of this article. The few cases of marked success along these lines would only constitute the exceptions that prove the rule.

The situation in regard to banking opportunities may be summed up in short form. A system of loans and credits is an absolute essential in modern foreign commercial relations. Consequently if the United States is to gain the full ben-

efit of the opportunities offering themselves in Latin America, American banks must be established there. The appreciation of that fact among business men is so great that action is assured. Banks mean opportunities for young bankers, and this movement will create a demand for the man with the requirements. But one thing must be fully appreciated; the demand will be for

the young man who regards his foreign field as a permanent one, who will remain and "grow up with the business."

No country can exist to-day, commercially or economically, without proper transportation facilities. And so many rich and productive lands in Latin America, before they can be of great value, must be tapped by the railroad. It will bring development to these vast resources and in turn will be supported by

them. This fact has been responsible for the unprecedented activity, during the later years, in railroad building in the Southern Republics. Thousands of miles of rails have been laid, and the great movement for transportation independence is on. Americans have done some of the best and most difficult of this work. Peru's greatest railroad was built by a North American, and so was Chile's first road. The most difficult work on the Trans-Andean road was constructed by American engineers, and Bolivia's system was planned by engineers from the United States. Furthermore, the "impossible" Madeira-Mamore railway was built by an American capitalist. And as time passes, and lands after lands are pierced by this great herald of prosperity, we shall see American capital, American brains, American engineers, still leading in the working out of Latin America's great transportation problem.

Furthermore, of the ultimate intercontinental road between New York and Buenos Aires, which will extend over ten thousand miles, there remain to be built but three thousand five hundred miles and at no point in the entire route is there a gap of over five hundred miles. It is difficult to comprehend the great impetus that will be given to inter-commercial relations between North and South America by this achievement, but it is something that is being looked forward to by the people of both continents and its completion will mark the beginning of an era.

It is not mere coincidence that brings agriculture to the fore when the subject of opportunity is under

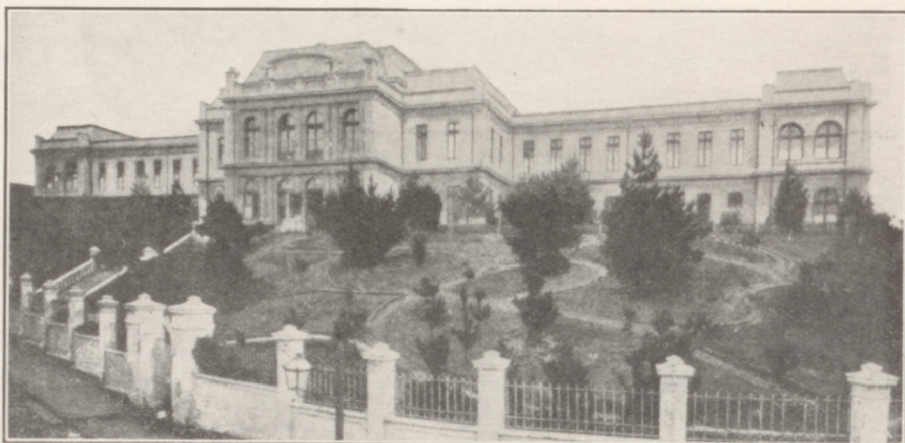
discussion. It is the fact that man is completely dependent for his very existence upon the soil. Consequently an opportunity to feed oneself and to help feed the world is an opportunity of golden promise. And comprising grain, fruit, and stock raising of practically every variety the field of Agriculture in Latin America to-day is beyond a doubt the broadest and surest offered anywhere. It offers attractions alike to the large and small scale producer, the homeseeker, the agricultural specialist, and the investor.

In this age of scientific farming, primitive methods are gradually losing out, they can no longer meet the demands for increased production. Modern methods then are sure to come in Latin America, and the scientific producer is the coming feature in agriculture. He will find vast areas ready to spring forth at his touch, in fact so great is their vastness and fertility that there is hardly a limit to what his efforts and the efforts of capital can accomplish.

The countries of Latin America, realizing these latent possibilities, stand ready and eager to help him who comes with the purpose of developing them. Free lands are offered for cultivation, and even in cases transportation charges from Europe or North America are paid. The Argentine Republic, possessing some of the richest agricultural and grazing lands in the world, is a leader in this movement, and she is at the present time opening thousands of acres of rich land for the occupation of settlers. Of course, certain investments in cattle, houses,

fences, etc., are required in order to obtain these lands and the prospective settler should have from five to six hundred dollars to invest in this way. However, the following comparison may show the advantages of this. The average fee charged to the foreign doctor, upon entering a Latin American country with the intention of practising, for the privilege of taking a compulsory examination, ranges from about \$385 to \$495. After that he is free

has been the fact that the fruits often brought to them by the natives, being so attractive to look at, are very unsatisfactory to the taste. This is no puzzle at all when one considers the primitive methods of growing that are prevalent among the natives. A scientific investigator recently summed the situation up when he said that if these natives only applied a little scientific knowledge to their labors, the returns would be four-fold.



Naval School at Valparaiso

to begin his single-handed struggle for existence. On the other hand, by supplying the difference between the examination fee and the capital required to start out on one of the above mentioned free lands one would find his relative position much more favorable. In the latter case a start has really been obtained, while in the former the start, with its attendant expenses and struggle is yet to be begun.

Scientific fruit growing presents a wide and varied field in Latin America. A source of wonder to many South American travelers

Another fact that suggests a valuable opportunity, is the almost entire lack in South America of any of the species of fruit so common in the North, such as apples, pears, peaches and plums. That these would find a ready market is indicated by the success of an Englishman, who began apple growing in one of the Latin American countries. By adding to his capacity for production he has reached the point where he supplies apples to all parts of South America, and is exceedingly wealthy as a result. This is a sample of what can be done along

the line of introducing popular North American fruits into South America. Aided by climate, soil, and scientific methods the grower has himself to blame if he does not succeed, and the above quoted examples.

Reference has already been made to the kindred industry of stock raising, the packing-house industry. The fact that such a plant as that described is a necessity, as well as several other plants in different localities, gives a fair idea of the importance of stock raising. Argentina is a leader in this industry, supplying a great deal of the world's meat consumption, and the field is a broad and profitable one. A good thing to remember is the fact that in such an industry sufficient amount of capital will hasten results and make them more profitable.

Truly this great field is alive with

opportunities, and the time is not far off when vigorous, red blooded American young manhood will be advancing to the front, as it has ever done, armed with the methods of this age of efficiency, to take its place among the world's *producers*, to make these rich lands of the South do all they are capable of doing. For this great problem of to-day, involving countless opportunities for the young man, and the development of a vast, fertile continent, is one of world-wide need. To quote from one who is perhaps the best qualified man in the world to make such a statement, Luther Burbank, "Everything we eat and wear comes out of the ground * * *. What the world needs to-day is men who can do to agriculture and to horticulture what Edison did to electricity, Carnegie to steel, and the Vanderbilts, Hills, and Harrimans to transportation—develop their efficiency."

—ROBERT PATTON



THE "LETTER MAN"

EXCHANGES

Sunday afternoons in general are poky and uninteresting, but one Sunday was more so than usual. The rain vied with the March wind, which howled dismally around corners and into cracks. Suddenly it blew a window open and something flew in. It was a flat, square object, but I presently recognized my "friend from across the creek," "Lewis and Clark Journal". Then other windows blew open all over the house and the draft was accompanied by great numbers of high school papers from all over the country. Among them I recognized "Red and Black" from Salt Lake City on the Great Salt Lake, "Nugget", from Lead, S. D.; "Totem", from Seattle, Washington; "Dalhi Journal", from Dallas, Texas; "High School Review", Sacramento, California; "Humboldt Life", St. Paul, Minnesota; "Wheat", Ritzville, Washington; "Echo," Vera, Washington; "Kinikinick," Cheney Normal; "Oracle," Des Moines, Iowa; "Carbon," Price, Utah; "Whitworthian," Whitworth College; "Oriole," Baltimore City College, Baltimore, Maryland; "Opinion," Peoria, Illinois; "Courant," Bradford, Penn.; "Kidak," Everett, Washington; "Student Lantern," Saginaw, Michigan, and "Troubadour," Portland, Oregon.

Of course I was tickled to see all these friends. I was still more tickled when each one unfolded to me a delightful tale of himself and his high school. I was very much interested in what "Red and Black"

said about its cadets. They also have Junior high schools in Salt Lake. Down in Dalles, the high school is going to have a big minstrel show. "The Whitworthian" made its first appearance in its new home this last fall, and is edited by a graduate of North Central, Anna Mary Muir. The "Oracle" handed us a bouquet, "The Tamarack," it said, "deserves much praise for the size and quality of the Christmas number. The accounts of the organization and current events are very interesting. May you have continued prosperity." The "Opinion" stepped up and gave me another bouquet with something hard inside, which I discovered was a small brick. "The Tamarack" of Spokane, Washington, is an excellent paper in that it has many interesting departments, but we suggest that you keep the jokes under your department "Jokes" and not scatter them among your advertisements."

Just then the window opened again and in came another bouquet, tied to which was a card bearing the compliments of the "Pennant," Elkhart, Ind., and the following:

"The entire paper is to be highly commended, especially for its abundance of good jokes. Hope to see you again."

Just as I was about to write a note of thanks, the window banged shut, and sitting up and rubbing my eyes, I saw that everything had disappeared but the three bouquets, and that it was 6:30 o'clock!

Organizations



Senior B's

Already many of the plans for the picnic to be given for the Senior A's have been made. Committees have been appointed to look after the transportation and entertainment.

The Senior B's have held one candy sale this semester and it was a great success. However, next time we are going to try something quite different.

But you must not think that selling candy and making plans for picnics is all that our members are able to do. We are always well represented in all the activities of North Central. Two out of the five S. A. R. contestants were Senior B's. We were well represented in

the track meet by Spence Morse, Harry Hughes, Frank Skadan, Willard Dewey and Leonard LaGrant. Another one of our members, Ruth Stone, was on the Girls' dramatic team sent to represent North Central at Walla Walla. One of the class's latest victories is having a larger percentage of Tamarack subscriptions than any other class in school.

Sphinx Club Report

Sphinx! Sphinx! Sphinx! What is the Sphinx? One day when I was standing in the hall I heard one Freshie asking another:

"Say, John, what is the Sphinx Club, do you know?"

"I don't know, but it is running with auto"?

In order to inform Freshies as well as others as to what the Sphinx is, we say that the Sphinx is the most promising and active club in North Central. Its purpose is to promote debating, oratory, and parliamentary law.

The Sphinx Club feels quite pleased with the success thus far attained. Two out of the five contestants in S. A. R. Contest were members of this club. All of the extemporaneous speaking contestants were members of the Sphinx. Robin Cartwright, winner of the first prize is our president. The Interclass Debate series now going on under the charge of the Sphinxers promises to develop into one of the most hotly contested series ever held in our high school.

On February twenty-fourth the Sphinx held its first social meeting at the home of Raymond Byler. The program for the evening was as follows:

Piano Solo.....LeRoy Armond
Vocal Solo.....George Matsuda
Reading.....Robert Patton

Our first major debate was the feature of the evening. The question was "Resolved, That Military Training Should Be Established in North Central." The affirmative was upheld by Cartwright, Briscoe, and Seltzer, while the negative was composed of Armond, Eby and Chandler. The judges were in favor of the negative.

On February twenty-ninth, the Sphinx discussed the subject, "How Can We Best Serve Our Country?" The several members of the club expressed their opinions with much

enthusiasm and loyalty to our beloved flag.

A committee has been arranging for another social meeting to be held at the home of Martie Jensen some time later in March. The club has also decided to have a picnic this spring to which the lady friends are to be invited.

Many other active and instructive programs are being discussed. Watch for the Sphinx report in the next Tamarack.

Sophomore A's

The Sophomore A's are exceedingly proud of two members of their class, Robin Cartwright and Elwin Daniels, who won the first and second prizes in the Wranglers' extemporaneous speaking contest.

Plans are now being made for a picnic to be held some time in the near future.

The Library Board

The Library Board of the North Central High School has been in existence for some time, and is proving itself worthy of the many good things said of it.

As the North Central was the first high school in the northwest to adopt this plan of student government we wish to continue with the good work and set an example for other schools. In order to do this it is absolutely necessary that we have the hearty co-operation of the entire student body. The students have taken to this plan very readily and we have had but very little trouble preserving order in the library. Let the good work continue!



Junior A's

The Junior A's are justly proud of their Vice-President, Irene Oliver, who carried away the honors for North Central in the dramatic contest at Walla Walla.

Look in the upper left-hand corner of our picture and you will see an honorary member that was invited to join the day the picture was taken. It took a great deal of petting on the part of our treasurer and some forcible persuasion by other members of the class to convince him that he wanted to join. However, here he is, and we are very proud of our unique choice.

Vox Puellarum

The other day in talking to a little Freshman girl I found what at least the Freshies think of us.

"Say," said my little friend, "you are a Senior aren't you?"

"Yes, why?"

"Oh, I just wondered. Well, do you know anything about the Vox Puellarum? On February twenty-fifth the Vox girls entertained the girls of the 9B class in the Gym and we had a dandy time. So I wondered who these girls were and if I could ever get into their club."

"Yes," I said, "I am a 'Voxer' and can tell you a little about the club. It is composed of thirty members. Each one of whom is trying to do her level best for North Central. We have one business meeting each month as well as a social meeting at which a pleasing program is rendered. As you know, we entertain each new class of Freshmen girls at a Frolic. And this term we have had a candy sale, and a Shakespearean program at the home of Grace Scroggin. And Oh, yes! another event of our year was the Short Story contest. Did you try out

for it? Well you should! By the way, some day you may become a member of this club. Have a friend hand in your name to the secretary, or hand it in yourself. It will be voted on and if you receive a majority of the votes you will be invited to try out. Then you write an essay, poem, or story; read it before the

club; and, if the fates be favorable you will become a member. Don't forget the Vox either and speak a good word for us whenever possible, won't you? But there goes the warning bell now. I must leave you, goodbye!"

"Goodbye," said the Freshman, "indeed I shall remember the Vox!"



Junior B's

The Junior B class certainly is one of the most active classes in North Central. Jean McMorran, our only representative in the S. A. R. contest was the first prize winner. Robert Patton, another member of our class, was a winner in the Wranglers' extemporaneous speaking contest. The class is also well represented in music, dramatics, debating, and club activities. It is especially prominent in athletics. Ralph Gaitskill is our basketball star and Noble Moodhe our tennis star. There are also many mem-

bers of North Central football and basketball teams from the Junior B class. The class has not only shown good spirit in its loyalty to the school but also to the class itself. Owing to the talent in the class we are able to have an excellent program on the first Wednesday of every month. Our last program was as follows:

Cello Solo.....Gilbert Robinson
Vocal Solo.....Margaret Mayer
Reading.....Edith Ringquist
Vocal Solo.....Delia Hammer
Dance, Ruth Parish and Zola Patton

Engineering Society Report

The last Engineering Society trip was through the Inland Empire Cracker and Candy Company's factory and offices. Since only ten fellows could be taken through at a time, two days were required. Beginning at the shipping room we were conducted through the entire plant, seeing the processes of manufacturing crackers and candies of all sorts. The special machines and ovens were perhaps of the greatest interest, but not least were the good things to eat that each fellow was given at the end of the trip. This is only one of the many trips already taken or in prospect for the future. And though we have good times and learn a good deal on our trips, they form but one branch of our many activities.

The Masque

The first social meeting of the year was held on the evening of February 16th at the home of Irene Oliver. The initiation of the new members caused a great deal of merriment and a clever program was given by the following members:

Reading.....Catharine Taylor
Vocal Solo.....Jean McMorran
Piano Solo.....Donald Fitzgerald
Reading.....Robert Patton
Reading.....Julia Corner

On March 15th the meeting was held at the home of Delia Hammer. Although some well-meaning (?) brigands indulged their bump of humor by removing a large freezer of ice cream from the hostess' back porch, the Masquers all had a delightful evening and enjoyed the following program:

Reading.....Caris Sharpe
Violin Solo.....Raphael Budwin
Reading.....Geraldine Moore
Vocal Solo.....Irene Lindgren

The annual girl's declamation contest will be held April 27th. At that time the girls of the school will have an opportunity to demonstrate their various dramatic abilities and incidentally to "cast their hats in the ring" for prizes of five, three, and two dollars.

We are now planning a convocation at which the program will be furnished entirely by Masquers. Several "stunts" are in preparation and the student body may expect something—different!

The society feels a pardonable pride in the recent attainments of several of its members. The two winners in the Walla Wall contest were members, and the first and third prizes in the "Wranglers" Contest were awarded to Masquers.

We are all striving to make the Masque the best society of the school but we are always conscious of our larger duty to North Central. In any attempt on our part we must always consider the welfare and enjoyment of the student body as a whole. To this end are we working. The Masque? Yes! North Central? Always!

Die Germanistische Gesellschaft

The German Club has certainly been busy this semester. Our first social affair was held at the Heath Library at which the new members, Esther Buchanan, Bernice Stusser, Almond Raymond and Alan Moore were initiated.

The play "Eigensinn" was presented on Friday afternoon, March

17th. The different roles were well acted by Roberta Fisher, Irene Anderson, Ardyce Cummings, Edwin Partridge, Wilfred Newman and Clinton Diomond. To those who failed to attend this play it would be impossible to describe the angle of Lisbeth's chin when she quarreled with Heinrich, or the way in which Ausdorf attacked the Sausages, or any of the other features which helped to make it a success.

We wish to thank Miss Rogers, Miss Gibson, Miss Bostrom and Miss Fehr for the help they gave us.

The members of the society spent a very enjoyable evening at the home of Catherine Horstman on St. Patrick's Day. Irene Anderson assisted in making the arrangements.

The Commercial Club

"O, say, are you going to the Commercial Club tonight?" sang out Joe McCormick as he disappeared into the typewriting room.

"Sure thing!" yelled Burns MacDonald, "do you think I wad miss anything of the ilk? Well I guess not."

"Well, I'll be there if there's eats," that was Chester Ellis. "Say, didn't we have a swell time at that other party though? I think Mr. Strieter is mighty fine to have us meet at his home."

"I should say we did have a good time," chimed in Ester Thunborg as she carefully inserted a stencil into her machine.

"What did you say about party?" and Sid Rogell turned over a whole bottle of mimeograph ink which splashed up his new yellow tie. "Well, if it's like the Leap Year party I'll be there!"

"Oh, no the Valentine party was best. Gee, it did do me good to see how scared those new kids were that were initiated. Roy Critzer was as white as a sheet, and Leonore La Marsh's knees were shaking so hard she wobbled when she walked. Mildred Oberg and Ethel Rogell thought one good run was better than two bad stands and Alvin Vinther was about to join them. Well, we have a pretty good club now, fifteen boys and fifteen girls," added matter-of-fact Miles.

"Hoot Mon, and didn't it da ye gude to see the lassies furnish the program. Well every lassie has her laddie for shure naw a' recht," signed blushing Burns when he saw Miss Snyder coming, and the mob, well, they dispersed.

But I saw Irlene Pence and Anna Corcoran going down the hall and heard them say something about some classy kids in the Commercial Club but I didn't get the names. I saw the boys congregated at the other end of the hall talking about something very important so I suppose they have another party up their sleeves, but the warning bell rang and I had to go to the session room.

N. C. K. C.

No doubt many will be wondering what these letters signify. Well, they stand for a club that is going to mean a great deal to the school and Tamarack from now on. The North Central Kodak Club is going to grow and thrive just as all of North Central's clubs do.

The idea of forming such an organization originated among some members of the student body. Mr. Hargreaves was interviewed and

his permission was readily granted. Mr. Kreider also is back of it, so it will be seen we do not lack boosters.

The first meeting took place on March 20 in room 108 under the direction of Mr. Kreider, and all the charter members were present. An election was held and the following officers were elected:

President, Loris Henry.

Secretary and Treasurer, Genevieve Melcher.

Tamarack Reporter, Mary Van Dyke.

A committee of the following members, Marie Mootz, Brownie McKenzie, Martie Jensen, and Wilfred Newman was appointed to frame a constitution.

It was decided at the first meeting that each member should give in some work that he has done,

and it is to receive comments and criticisms of the club. The membership is still incomplete and all those interested would do well to report at the next meeting.

The object and purpose of this club is to encourage and further disclose to its members the art and skill of taking and developing pictures.

Sans Souci

The tryout for membership in the Sans Souci will be held Wednesday, March 29th. Those who have been invited to tryout are Katherine Drummond, Virgie Mills, William Godfray and Leo Wilson.

The society is now planning for a party to be given at the home of Miss Borreson on the evening of April 1st. We are confident that all who attended our last social affair will gladly receive this news.



Agendas





A Little Bit of Everything

Is it cohesion or adhesion that impels strings of girls to be locked together in the halls during the morning or noon periods? At any rate, whatever force it may be it has taken a strong hold of the femininity of our school. A person with a rush call is wise to avoid the main halls at those periods of the day; much better time can be made by taking a detour outside. But, on the other hand, if you have a few minutes leisure, try to secure an advantageous point, if they are not all already occupied by the boys, and review the continuous dress parade that surges to and fro. Then again if you happen to be a student of the latest fashions, you will enjoy the exhibits of all the newest fads on living models.

For Appearance's Sake

When Dr. E. O. Holland complimented the North Central High School on its excellent spirit and civic pride, manifested in one way by the absence of pencil marks on

the woodwork and walls, I wager that every one of us thanked our lucky star (or whatever term you might choose) that he hadn't come last June before the general clean-up took place during vacation. So far, we have kept up our reputation very well, but we make a motion that from now on, we pay more attention to the condition of the building, for who knows but what Dr. Holland might happen in again, and we don't want him to withdraw the compliment now.

A Stitch In Time

Although it has been known for some time that there are students around here who have more beef than brains, it was not until the last two weeks that this class began to gain any prominence. The disease that causes this lethargy had been troubling the authorities until the school nurse sent one person in an advanced stage to the principal's office for diagnosis. It was found that he was suffering from an acute attack of spring fever. One table-

spoonful of "sulphur and 'lasses" before breakfast each morning is a sure cure for those who are in the initial stage of this dreaded plague.

When to Study

A schedule appropriate for athletes and debaters.

6:30—Rise.

7:00-7:30—Prepare one lesson.

7:30-8:00—Breakfast.

8:00-8:30—School.

8:30-2:45—Recitations and one lesson prepared.

2:45-6:00—School activities.

6:00-6:30—Dinner.

6:30-7:30—Prepare one lesson.

7:30-9:00—Recreation (Presumably fussing).

9:00-10:00—Prepare one lesson?

This New Application

The Vox Puellarum is taking aggressive steps to become first among the North Central High School societies, and it has made a fine start. One of its latest methods is a semi-annual "Freshmen Tea" for all Freshie girls. There is an old maxium that says the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and it begins to look as though the Voxers are trying to apply it to the girls as well.

Charity Begins at Home

The Library Board is thinking of establishing a playroom for those poor belated people who come to school to have a good time and as yet haven't found the place to hold their jubilee.

North Central High School really is too hard on those who come here for such a purpose. Nothing of that sort is countenanced in the ses-

sion rooms and "work" is the pass-word in the library, so where are the poor souls to go? Why, they might as well not come to school at all, as to have to keep grinding all the while. The morning and noon periods are all right in their way, but it isn't so much fun to be able to talk when everybody else has the same privilege. During school hours, is the time when talking is refreshing to the spirits, so a plea is hereby made. Will some one offer a small room for that worthy cause? A small one will be sufficient for the number, and afternoon periods are preferable.

Misplaced Energy

Some students spend twenty minutes trying to get their lesson from the other fellow, when he could get it for himself with fifteen minutes' concentrated work.

Choice Reading

The March number of the "Keith Magazine" is charming all the way through, but now that the spring days are here an article entitled, "Window Boxes and Their Care," will be an inspiration to all lovers of flowers. In the same issue, "The Use of the Stencil" would be of real value to the girls in the art classes.

"The Mid-Pacific" is a comparatively new magazine, having first been published in 1910, but for any one interested in foreign countries, it will soon hold a prominent place. It resembles the National Geographical Magazine except that it deals only with the islands of the Pacific.

Those who are interested in

prominent men of the day will enjoy reading the short sketch on Major Robert Russa Moton, the new head of Tuskegee Institute, in the March issue of the "World's Work," by Mr. Ray S. Baker.

You students who are forever kicking because you have to study English literature just take a few minutes off and read Margaret E. Dungan's article in the March "Education." It is short.

Have you ever been asked in English class to define a novel? Were you stumped? Well, if you were, take heart for in the February issue of the "Bookman" there are fifteen whole pages devoted to that very thing and you may have your choice of definitions from twenty-seven prominent writers, who each tried to give his idea of what a novel consisted.

Faculty Consistency

"Support student academic activities as well as student athletic activities," is a favorite injunction of our instructors, but they should add, "Don't do as I do, but do as I tell you to do." For example, just compare the number of teachers

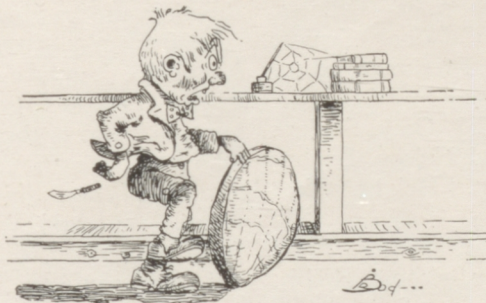
that attended the N. C. H. S. vs. L. C. H. S. football game, and those who attended the N. C. H. S. vs. L. C. H. S. debate.

Notice! Sphinxers

Boys, as a rule are excellent in oratory when it comes to bluffing through a class, but when it comes to going in for it as an activity, they leave that honor (which means work) to the girls. Miss Marguerite Klein, who has borne the brunt of this burden, is planning to take her departure in June, so if some boy wants to fill her shoes, a fair warning is given, "Get Busy."

Balm for Boneheads

Mr. F. M. Marsh in his talk to the school on "Thrift" seemed to know that many of the boys of the North Central needed a little encouragement when he said that it was not always the boys who made brilliant records in scholarship in high school who made the most successful careers in later life. I wonder if he knew that there had not been a single boy on the honor roll of the graduating class for two semesters?



—ZOÖLOGY ONE—
LLOYD BUCHANAN "DISSECTS"
HIS FIRST CLAM!

ATHLETICS

SENIORS ARE VICTORIOUS

Taking the lead on the first event, the Seniors were never headed and won the inter-class track meet with a total of 32 points. The Sophomores were second, with 25; the Freshmen scored 7 and the Juniors had great difficulty in annexing 4 points.

The meet was exceedingly interesting, and although it was not much more than a preliminary turn-out, showed that we have some fine material in every event this year. The times in the mile event and the 30-yard dash were especially good, and "Curley" Skadan nearly brought the house down when he heaved the shot 39 feet 3 inches. The summary follows:

Thirty-yard dash—Morse, Senior, first; Pearson, Sophomore, second; Stone, Senior, third. Time, 3:3 seconds.

Thirty-yard hurdles—Fellows, Sophomore, first; Cal Cook, Senior, second; R. Cook, Freshman, third. Time, 4:2 seconds.

High jump—Cal Cook, Senior; Slater, Junior, and Nelson, Sophomore, tied for first. Height, 5 feet 2 inches.

Mile run—Duwe, Senior, first; McCain, Freshman, second; Hibbit, Senior, third. Time, 5:8.

880-yard run—Morse, Senior, first; Hawley, Freshman, second;

La Grand, Senior, third. Time, 2:20 1-2.

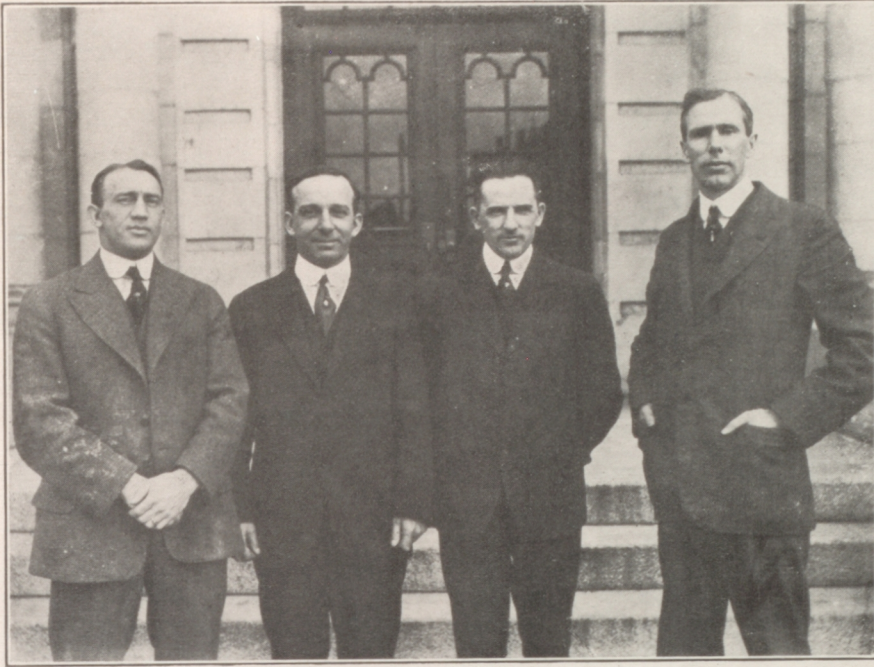
Shot put—Skadan, Senior, first; Fred Watt, Sophomore, second; Anderson, Junior, third. Distance, 39 feet 3 inches.

Pole vault—Hanley, Sophomore, first; H. Hughes, Senior, second; Richards, Sophomore, third. Height, 8 feet 6 inches.

Relay, 220 yards run by each man —Won by Sophomores; Seniors, second.

Visitors

On the evening of February 27, Harrington and Davenport met in our Gymnasium to decide the championship of Lincoln county. Harrington won an easy victory by a score of 38 to 16. The game was fast and rough throughout, but the shooting and passing were very inaccurate, and from a scientific standpoint it was a decidedly poor game. This fact, however, did not seem to impress the 500 spectators who saw the game for they kept up an ear-splitting din from start to finish. Witt and Williams starred for Harrington, while Olsen stood out unrivaled on the Davenport team. T. G. Kennedy of N. C. H. S. refereed the game and gave a splendid exhibition.



Our Coaches

We have every reason to be proud of the athletic coaches in this school. These men, S. L. Moyer, A. C. Woodward, I. C. Davis, and T. G. Kennedy, are all experts in their line and are largely responsible for the string of victories which old N. C. has to her credit. Since athletics in this school have been under the direction of these men we have won 75 per cent of the athletic contests in which we have taken part.

It is only fitting that the school should show its appreciation of the work these men are doing and the most effective way of doing this is to give their teams the unrestrained support of the entire student body.

Indoor Baseball

Indoor baseball was very successful this season and as a result the

turnout for the outdoor game was large. The Braves and the Faculty both finished the season without a defeat. The Giants also had a strong team, their only defeat coming from the Faculty after the game had gone into extra innings.

Standing of the Teams

Team.	Won.	Lost.	Per ct.
Braves	3	0	1.000
Faculty	3	0	1.000
Giants	2	1	.667
Red Sox	1	1	.500
White Sox	1	2	.333
Athletics	0	2	.000
Tigers	0	2	.000
Cubs	0	2	.000

Baseball and Track

The turnout for both of these events this year has been exceptionally large and the indications are

that we shall have two more championships to our credit by the end of this school year. It is true that we lost out in the Armory meet, but this is no indication of either our present or future strength, as there is no track in the Armory, and it was necessary to run on canvas, which gave our fellows a considerable disadvantage.

Over 50 fellows have reported for baseball practice, and with nine lettermen back, things look decidedly encouraging. Manager Fleming is busy arranging for a preliminary series with the Fort Wright team and also has a number of other games in sight, so that the season will be a busy one for the baseball boys.



North Central's Most Ardent Supporter

Without a doubt, Dr. John R. Neely is North Central's most ar-

dent supporter. Of all the men interested in our athletic enterprises he is the most active. In the last six years he has missed but one athletic contest in which the North Central was a participant, and this was due to an unavoidable occurrence, and to quote the doctor, "it nearly broke my heart." He has always taken care of our athletes and in many cases has been called upon to perform delicate services, but his work has always been gratifying. He takes a great interest in the fellows and his suggestions and influence are of great help to them.

Three of his sons are graduates of this school, and were among the best and nerviest athletes ever produced here. Doctor Neely said the other day, "My greatest pleasure comes from my association with the North Central athletes, and I watch their careers with as much interest as if they were my own sons. I never fear that my boys, or any of the boys, will be injured because it is my observation that when men like Moyer, Woodward, and Davis coach a team they will know enough to take care of themselves."

The Cross-Country Run

About 35 fellows took part in this event and all the winners had to dig to get places as the race was strongly contested throughout. Hibbit, a Senior A, was first and his time, 13.1 was very fast. The next four finished in this order: Duwe, McCain, Hawley and Clarke. All five winners will be presented with letters. The course, of slightly over two and three-tenths miles, was in perfect condition and everyone finished in good shape.

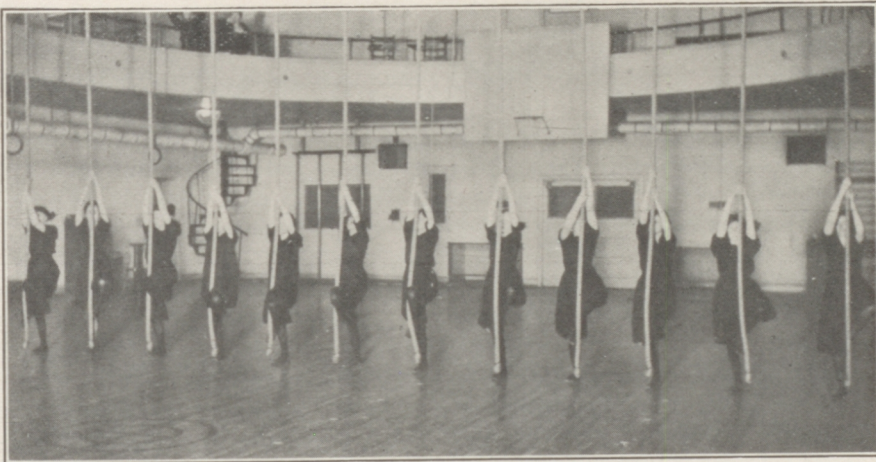


Girls' Physical Department

Since last September when Miss Peckham took charge of the girls' physical direction in this school much advance has been made along this line. Miss Peckham is working hard to give the girls work which will give them correct position and skill in the use of their muscles. The gymnasium exercises which are given for this purpose are all very interesting and the girls

take great pleasure in performing them.

The regular class work consists of exercises on the apparatus, wand and dumb bell drills, and dancing. Miss Peckham also has special corrective classes during her vacant periods and special exercises are given for scoliosis and posture. In addition there are two advanced classes which are devoting their





Miss Peckham

time to captain ball and volley ball. The seventh period volley ball team, Captained by Pauline Endres, and the after school class, Captained by Antoinette Dustin, are tied for the championship, and much interest is centered on the game which will decide the victor.

As usual there will be a girls' tennis tournament this spring and we have some very strong players. An effort has been made to secure the Mission Park playground for the exclusive use of the girls and if this is successful it will be a great thing for them. Miss Peckham is also planning a series of short hikes into the country, something never before undertaken in this school.

Athletics—They Are for You

There is no reason why every able-bodied boy in this school should not turn out for athletics in one form or another. The school board of this city made rulings two years ago which provided amply for the coaching of every one who wished to report for practice. Why, then, have so few fellows taken advantage of this? The turnouts for athletics now are only slightly larger than before the provision was made, and there are just as many fellows of ability who don't turn out as there are who do.

Why wait until you are a Senior? Get busy now. The coaches are always glad to assist you in your efforts and will do all in their power to bring out all that is good in you. Try. That's the secret to it all. Stick to one thing, perfect yourself in the thing for which you are best suited and plug. Don't give up. Many of the fellows who plug for the first three years of their career turn out to be wonders in their last year, but if they had waited until they were Seniors they would still be in the list of the "also-rans."

First Freshie—"Why do they sometimes write Post Graduate P. 'I.' G.?"

Second Freshie—"I don't know, unless it is because they are not satisfied with four years of high school and come back for more."

Miss Rogers (in Pub. Speaking II)—(Opening the windows for breathing exercises)—"Is that air too cold for you, Class?"

Walter Russell—"That 'ere what?"



Tamarack Almanac Second Edition

Edited by Pee Kay, Ph. D. (Doctor of Phoolery), with apologies to Benjamin Franklin (Poor Richard).

April 1—Gaitskill becomes leading man for the Almo Film Club, 1916.

April 2—Lottie Eide discovers the wonderful effect of making eyes, 1915.

April 3—Lillian Jackson becomes matron of the Old Maids' Home, 1935.

April 4—Archie DeVore takes permanent quarters at the Owl Corner, 1916.

April 5—Harry Hughes realizes how great he really is, 1914.

April 6—Esther Hocking takes first prize as the high school coquette, 1916.

April 7—Another freckle appears on Quigley's face, 1910.

April 8—Carl Sampson makes a date with a girl, 1920.

April 9—"Hod" Shiel really amounts to something, 1950.

April 10—Grace Train changes her name to "Blushes", 1916.

April 11—Art Jagow commences to use anti-fat medicine, 1913.

April 12—Rex Heath judged in-

sane by the Sanity Committee, 1913.

April 13—Robin Cartwright refuses to talk, 1989.

April 14—"Cop" Daniels wins first prize in beauty contest, 1923.

April 15—Beatrice Yorke appointed Justice of Peace, 1929.

April 16—Fleming buys Indiana car line so he will not have to walk to Hamilton, 1919.

April 17—Ruby Thuness proves that "Thinness is the soul of beauty", 1916.

April 18—Herman Pounds acts sensible for five minutes, 1925.

April 19—Pete Higgins becomes a miser, 1899.

April 20—Marguerite Klein uses a new flavored lip rouge, 1915.

April 21—Students at Lewis and Clark realize that the North Central is the best school to attend, 1909.

April 22—Front row at Pantages occupied by Armond and his followers, "September Morn" was played, 1916.

April 23—Ford Dunton combs his hair, 1933.

April 24—Bunny Jones gets a fellow who can dance, 1917.

April 25—A smile is discovered on Peggy Ross' face, 1922.

April 26—Leo Mahoney recognized as the leading educator in the U. S., 1930.

April 27—Bert Stone gets rid of his superior airs, 1918.

April 28—Spence Morse takes one of his numerous girls to a nickleodeon, 1920.

April 29—Ruth Corwin awarded Bachelor of Arts degree in fussing, 1914.

April 30—Edison names his Phonograph in honor of Mildred Perry, in recognition of her talking propensities, 1916.

F-ierce lessons.

L-ate hours.

U-nexpected company (?).

N-ot prepared.

K-icked out.

P-owerful

A-ttention to

S-ickening

S-ubjects.

"From what substance can sulphur dioxide be obtained?"

Curly S. (promptly)—"Fire and brimstone."

Mr. Kreider (naming the periods of early formation)—"Now there is the carboniferous period, the metamorphous period, and what would you call this period now?"

Peggy—"Sixth period."

"What is a motor image?"—
(heard in Psychology class).

Hayden B.—"A Ford."

"In 1793 Coleridge became very dissipated. I—I think he fell in love."

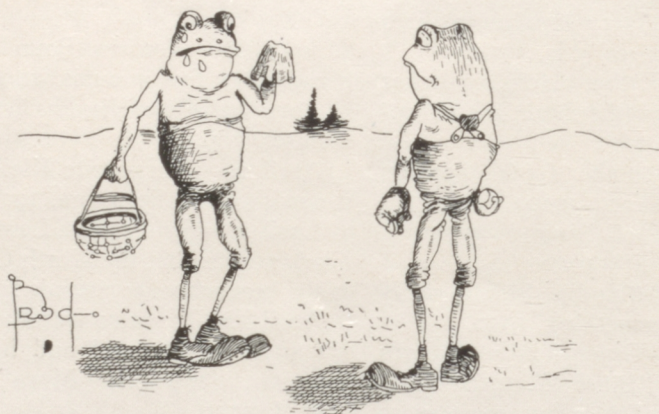
Mr. Lienau (to B. Heller, who is scratching her head over a sentence)—"I wouldn't do that if I were you. You'll get splinters in your fingernails."

Mr. Sawtelle—"What are the three classes of poets?"

Ed. P.—"Lyric, dramatic, and epidemic."

Mr. Kreider—"Arsenic in black dyes is poisonous."

Irene Redfield—"That's why I never wear black stockings."



NORTH BOG-VILLE DITCHER—"WHAT YUH CRYIN FOR?"
FRESHIE—"WO-O-O-W! MY EYES ARE ON TOP OF
MY HEAD AN' I CAN'T WEAR A MASK!"—

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Extra instructors will be added for the work and especially for the students who desire to prepare for teaching and for examinations to enter College or University. This will be an independent department, but liberal inducements will be offered to those who desire to prepare for business careers.

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Maxwell 1701

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Secretary, Louis B. Davy

"Forrie" Durst—"My Bunny
(Bonnie) Lies Over the Ocean."

"Reg." Bullivant—"Two Eyes of
Gray."

"Wiggs" Campbell—"Has Any-
body Here Seen Kelly?"

"Blondy" Peterson—"Just a Lit-
tle Love, a Little Kiss."

"Pat." Kelly—"The Wearin' of
the Green."

**Our
Musical
Boys**



"Fusser" Shannon—"Where the
River Shannon Flows."

"Spense" Morris—"I Want to
Linger."

"Mike" Murphy—"Mary You're
a Little Bit Old-Fashioned."

"Kenny" Mower—"Fiddle Up,
Fiddle Up, on Your Violin."

"Curly" Skadan—"Not Because
My Hair Is Curly."

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Can Give Them—Except—**

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CHAS. A. LIBBY, Photographer

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How Roosevelt Found His Eyes

The title of a short, interesting article in the April issue of "Optometry."

Several valuable eye exercises by Chas. H. Taylor, originator of Occulo-Didactics or "Eye Cultures" will be found in this issue also.

Call, phone or write for a copy which will gladly be furnished free of charge.

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Shoes finds just the
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IS THE TIME TO SAVE MONEY

Go to your clothes closet; get the suit you wore last summer; look it over carefully. You will find the material may be worn a little and the sleeves slightly frayed. You will also notice that it is somewhat soiled and mussy.

Now, keep this in mind and call Main 6060. A Crystal auto will come promptly and will return this suit in a short time, not as you see it now, but as it was the day you bought it—clean, fresh and new looking.

Yes, the phone is Main 6060. Remember, you can always rely on the CRYSTAL.

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CRYSTAL LAUNDRY

0701 Howard St.

Spokane, Wash.

One of Various Loves

And next the Editor-in-chief

The fleeting arrow stung
"A dill pickle is all I need,"

The Pitiless Prune then sung.
But he felt the sweet delicious
pang

Within his swelling breast,
Then flung his arms about him-
self—

The one he loved the best.

Not Much of Anything

C. A. (Telling a Fairy Story):
And the king had to give the
princess a dress black as night,
and that could be folded into a
walnut shell.

Bill R. (in a whisper): Gee!
I'd like to see her in that dress.

C. A. (telling a fairy story):

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ing by reading the Tamarack ads.

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"Great oaks from little acorns
grow."

So sang an ancient poet.
Great oaks from little acorns grow!
Of course they do! We know it.
But if that ancient poet chap
Had worn these shoes, I know,
He would have sung in accents wild,
"Great aches from toe corns
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—E. J. B.

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6. Spring offering—Glass of water.
7. An absorbing subject—Blotter.
8. The spoony couple—Spoons.
9. A place for reflection—Looking glass.
10. Common sense—Pennies.
11. Bound to rise—Yeast.
12. The greatest bet ever made—Alphabet.

Notice to Ardyce Cummings:
 If roses are red,
 And violets are blue,
 Would you speak to Clinton
 If he'd speak to you?



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A Good One On—

The other day George Shannon with Lillian Kelley in the car drove up to Lawrence Lentz's house. Lawrence wasn't home, but when he did come home Mrs. Lentz told him that George Shannon and his mother had just called for him. Ouch!

A. B. McC.: A good exercise for strengthening and throwing the voice is written below: Make target and nail on back of house. Go into the back yard and throw eggs, trying to hit center of target always. You will find this exercise very beneficial. Note—Use your vocabulary in case eggs cannot be had.

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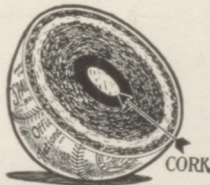
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Curly Skadan with straight black hair.

Cop Daniels laughing at a speech in convocation.

Miss Paterson breaking into a Theda Bara rage.

Olive Johnson staying home from a dance.

Lyle King all mussed up.

Hilda Horn without a boy.

Mr. Hargreaves sliding down the banisters.

Mr. Sanders wearing gum boots.

Irene Oliver tall and stately.

Miss Bemiss in short skirts.

Clifton Abrams telling us to stop sending in this stuff for the Tamarack.

Watch the bulletin boards!
Advertising department.

